



PLATE I.

THE SPARS AND RIGGING OF A SHIP.

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COMPANION. A wooden covering over the staircase to a cabin.

Companion-way, the staircase to the cabin.

Companion ladder. The ladder leading from the poop to the main deck.

COMPASS. The instrument which tells the course of a vessel.

Compass-timbers are such as are curved or arched.

CONCLUDING-LINE. A small line leading through the centre of the steps of a rope or Jacob's ladder.

CONNING, or CUNNING. Directing the helmsman in steering a vessel.

COUNTER. (See PLATE 3.) That part of a vessel between the bottom of the stern and the wing-transom and buttock.

Counter-timbers are short timbers put in to strengthen the counter.

To counter-brace yards, is to brace the head-yards one way and the after-yards another.

COURSES. The common term for the sails that hang from a ship's lower yards. The fore sail is called the *fore course* and the mainsail the *main course*.

CRANES. Pieces of iron or timber at the vessel's sides, used to stow boats or spars upon. A machine used at a wharf for hoisting.

CRANK. The condition of a vessel when she is inclined to lean over a great deal and cannot bear much sail. This may be owing to her construction or to her stowage.

CREEPER. An iron instrument, like a grapnell, with four claws, used for dragging the bottom of a harbour or river, to find anything lost.

CRINGLE. A short piece of rope with each end spliced into the bolt-rope of a sail, confining an iron ring or thimble.

CROSS-BARS. Round bars of iron, bent at each end, used as levers to turn the shank of an anchor.

CROSS-CHOCKS. Pieces of timber fayed across the dead-wood amidships, to make good the deficiency of the heels of the lower futlocks.

CROSS-JACK (pronounced *croj-jack*). The cross-jack yard is the lower yard on the mizen mast. (See PLATE 1.)

CROSS-PAWLS. Pieces of timber that keep a vessel together while in her frames.

CROSS-PIECE. A piece of timber connecting two bitts.

CROSS-SPALES. Pieces of timber placed across a vessel, and nailed to the frames, to keep the sides together until the knees are bolted.

CROSS-TREES. (See PLATE 1.) Pieces of oak supported by the cheeks and trestle-trees, at the mast heads, to sustain the tops on the lower mast, and to spread the topgallant rigging at the topmast head.

CROW-FOOT. A number of small lines rove through the uvron to suspend an awning by.

CROWN of an anchor, is the place where the arms are joined to the shank.

To crown a knot, is to pass the strands over and under each other above the knot (See PLATE 5, page 33.)

ST. ANTHONY FLEES

STRANGER—Stop the car and let me off!

CONDUCTOR—What's up?

STRANGER—That lady's skirts. I'm a Brooklyn deacon!
The Smiler.

A WINNER

MANAGER—What's the matter?

SUPER—Miss Coryphée's foot is caught in the chandelier!

MANAGER—Break anything?

SUPER—Nothing but the high-kick record.

MANAGER—Good. Let her hang till you telephone down for the reporters, then double her salary!
The Soubrette.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE

MAY—Why did you send away the chaperone I recommended to you?

ETHEL—Bah! I drank her under the table four times.

MAY—Yes; but you were the challenger. You should have let her choose the weapons. She's 'way up at her own drink!
The Modern.

NOT THE SAME

SPIRIT VOICE (at the seance)—Emily!

WIDOW (to the medium)—Sir, you're an impostor!

MEDIUM—Why so, madam?

WIDOW—Because at this time of night my husband always called me "Em (à la) ilish!"
The Fakir.

THE EMPTY CRUSE

BY GILBERT PARKER

"YOU will not stay, my son?"

"Mon père, I must go."

"It is a long way, and what will be the end of it, my good François?"

The young man smiled, his face shone, he spread out some paper before him on the table. "Mon père, I have finished the play. I read it to her last night. She was pleased—she said such fine things! She wished to have it then. I said, 'No, there is one to whom I must read it,' and I have brought it to you."

The Priest sighed, and his eyes dwelt with a wistful regard on the young man. "It is admirable, as a play," he said, "and it may bring you praise, and money, and all such. But is it well, altogether well, François?"

"It has brought me love," was the convincing reply.

Father Lavarre sat looking steadfastly at the other for a moment. At last he said meditatively—as if repeating thoughts that were familiar to them both, without passion, yet with a quiet emotion: "It is twenty-three years since I brought you here, François, a child of two, to share my home. I remember when you first served at the altar with me. The smell of the leaves was sweet that day, and the Mass was like none other. You were the child of my oldest friend, and an orphan. I became a father to you. Ever since, like Samuel, you heard one voice; until the woman came, beautiful, and with (as you say) a radiant mind. She changed all. Is it not so?"

"She did not change all, Father. For you all is the same. I shall never cease to care for you."

"But still she changed all. In another year you would have been ordained to the holy office, and my long wish have been fulfilled. Like Simeon, I could then have cried out in my joy. But you came to me a little while back, and said there were but two things in the world for you—ah, yes, you said that—only two: 'Love and the Immortal Drama.' Was that not it?"

"My Father! —"

"Yet at times I had foreseen the danger. You were poetical. Your mind was free and true, still I had seen your eye flash unknown to yourself at the bloom on a girl's cheek. I had seen how you loved the function—the mass, the mission, the pilgrimage—the beautiful form of it all. And I thrilled when you read from the Book. Ah, it was, as you said, the 'Immortal Drama' in you. I could not see why the Church should not make that its own—to its greatness and years. But, my son, this woman—a beautiful mummer—has robbed the Altar and my home. . . . No, do not be angry at the word *mummer*. I speak of her merely as a woman of the world—of which I am not, nor were you until she came."

It was impossible for the young man to protest in the presence

BOSTON REPORTEE

"DO you really think they'll come round again?" she asked anxiously, when the subject of the hoop-skirt was broached.

"Well, miss," said the freezing saleslady from Boston, "they never came square that I remember."
The Hubbite.

VERY AGGRAVATING

ST. PETER—Do you want to come in?

SHADE—O! don't care what O! do, or what becomes of me.

ST. PETER—Why are you so desperate?

SHADE—O! hov suffered a great disappointment. O! owned a cab in Chicago, and here O!ve gone an' died before the Fair started.
The Jehu.

A NEW INTERPRETATION

MAN wants but little here below.

Soliloquized Miss Flirt.

And with a pair of scissors, then,

Cut off a yard of skirt.
The Pirouetter.

FIXED IT ALL RIGHT

DE SOQUE—Do you know I can't sleep well after drinking, so I've given it up.

DE BROQUE—What, given up drinking?

DE SOQUE—No, sleeping.

The Teetotaler.

of that voice, speaking as from solemn heights of knowledge.

"But, my Father, I felt it from the beginning—when I first swung the censor. I loved the sacred sign, because it was a gesture. The stories of the Book were to me exquisite plays—true plays. Have you never felt such things?"

Father Lavarre rose slowly from his chair and walked up and down the room once or twice. Then he laid his slender hand on the boy's shoulder. "François, I have known the world and all its mumming and its entrancing mummers. The theatre, and one whose trade it was, filled a year of my life. . . . After it was over I came here to Quebec—that is forty years ago. When it is over with you, where will you go, François?"

François' eyes flashed. For a moment he was bitterly angry; but the sight of the sad face and the gray old head caused him to choke back his words. "It will never be over," he said. "She has made the best of life and work possible to me. When I saw her play in 'Le Matin de la Noce,' I saw what I must be. Alicia and the Drama—the Drama and Alicia! that was my thought; and this—laying his hand on the play—"is the first fruits. And you say it is admirable, even you!"

The old man turned over the leaves of the play slowly. "My son, there is fame in it, I believe—if you long for that."

"I long to do great work. . . . Believe me, I grieve that I cannot do it here. It must be in England, where she goes. I can see her in this scene"—he turned the leaves and paused—"her eyes burning, her face shining with a grand light, all her noble heart"—the Priest sighed—"springing to her lips to make the words afire—"

"The poor boy!" said the Priest under his breath.

"—the thing all nature, and sincerity, and beauty."

"And she loves you, this notable woman, François? You, the unknown—genius?"

"My Father," said the other solemnly, "where one loves absolutely one knows absolute love"—the Priest turned away his head—"there is no inquisition like it."

"She is a great actress, you say?" The voice was very soft and keen. The young man only heard the question; he saw nothing behind it.

"Ah, if you would but see her! You would know then the wonderful beauty of art—"

"I knew Rachel."

"—and of nature and sincerity."

"My son, I know you."

"But Alicia Seaburn—"

Alicia Seaburn's American tour was over. She finished it in

the old city of Quebec, and, with her luggage about her, was preparing to go. She was writing a cable to a London manager. It ran—

Have secured excellent play. Announce it—THE EMPTY CRUSE.

As she finished it, she turned to someone in the room—her sister. "Grace, it is trying to have him go with us, but it's the best thing we can do with the gentle François."

"Yes, he is the goose that—"

"Of course, the golden egg. There can be no doubt as to 'The Empty Cruse.' I never saw anyone so blind, yet with such insight." She smiled meaningly.

"Insight as to people in the abstract, blindness—as to you?"

"My dear Grace, I'm really fond of the youth. It's rather new to find anybody so tremendously sincere, and so implicitly trustful. I might dwell in the same tent with him in a desert—with perfect safety. Amusing, isn't it?"

"Well, I can't say that. It is awkward, sometimes, to kill or cure tremendous sincerity. You are going back to London, remember; and there's Angus!"

"Yes. This cable is to the dear Angus."

"Who is neither so sincere nor so trustful."

"But pretty bad; and, therefore, more interesting. Angus shall know the truth—as much as is necessary."

"Angus hasn't one-tenth of the brains of François, who'll be a famous man directly."

"My dear Grace, as if I could be flattered by the fame—of anybody else. I can afford to make my choice. Angus pleaseth."

"You'll have your hands full, my dear, when this young Lion of Dedan wakes."

"I depend on you to help me—for a time. I must have the play—and others. I must keep him near and yet far."

"But you intend to *cure* him?"

"Yes, in due time, thoroughly; the sooner after we get to London the better, unless matters run with perfect ease, and he remains in comfortable innocence."

"But for the present—"

"For the present, here he is; an interesting man with a wonderful eye, isn't he? And such a touch of poetical asceticism!"

Then she ran forward, with a quickly-summoned color and a fine glow in her eye, to meet François Lombard. To him the world was spinning with joy. For the old austere life, broken only by the stately gaudiness of processional and shrine, here was beauty—and art—developed to the n'th degree; perfumes, the delicate swish of silk, a being that his arms ached for—and that day passionately clasped.

"The Empty Cruse" was bought for a song; and a new play was drafted before the vessel reached England.

Only just before they arrived, the convenient sister made François know that the so girl-like Alicia Seaburn had a daughter as tall as herself. It was done very daintily; and when he saw how the mother and daughter were prettily devoted to each other, he said to himself that she was invested with a new and gracious charm. He did not feel hurt because she said that for a while she could see little of him; that she had much to do in her home and in ways of business; that she must go on the Continent for a little while—it was a world of work and social duties; but he must call, say, on Sunday, a week hence. Meanwhile, she would take the play and put it into rehearsal. He must remember that she would always be thinking of him—always. She wished he knew how much in earnest she was. It was *for ever*, she said. She could never change.

She was reckless in her ardor. Yes, of course, she would write to him. A bit of her hair? Surely. Meanwhile, he must see London. She would send a friend to look after him, and make him comfortable. If it was possible he must come and dine with her and her dearest child, Dora, before Sunday; but to be patient and enjoy himself.

And, for the last time, she kissed him.

It did not look like the beginning of a cure; yet it was so.

She had the face of an angel. More than one painter had begged to put that face on canvas, and had done so at large cost—it is an awesome thing to play with a human soul.

She had promised to write to him; to send—foolish young man!—that lock of hair. She did not. She asked him to dine, however. Strange to tell, Angus wrote the note of invitation (from the theatre), saying at the same time that Miss Seaburn was not very well, but hoped to be better immediately.

François had been brought up in an old-fashioned school—Father Lavarre was punctilious as to form in social things, little as he mingled in society. François wondered that Angus should write—there was her sister or daughter. But that was a small thing to bear against the great bulwarks of his adoration. He saw London; he got the fever of his new play upon him; he worked hard at it with her picture on the table beside him as he wrote. He wished that it bore her name in her own handwriting—these little things please a lover. He remembered she said, when she gave it to him, that she would write on it at another time. She would come and see him at his chambers in London—with her daughter—and would write it then, if she saw that he gave it

a place of honor. But men, men! She shook her finger at him, playfully. She knew what they were: would he be true? She secretly rejoiced at the earnestness of his reply—it was an artistic enjoyment. If she could but simulate that voice, that tone, in acting!

He dined with her. Angus was there. Angus talked much to the sister and daughter, yet watched him with a pensive amusement. He was constrained, yet he could not tell why, to look at Angus a great deal. In the course of the evening he talked in low tones to her, saying how long the days were without seeing her, but that she was with him always, and that he was living under her inspiration as he wrote the new play. London? She was London—everything! As he said this he glanced up, and caught a strange look in Angus's eye. He saw a quick, inscrutable message pass between the two. He did not sleep that night; still he trusted. The rehearsals of "The Empty Cruse" began. He was asked not to come until they had got it well rehearsed. Then any suggestion he might make would be considered at more ease. He spent that Sunday evening, after the dinner, at her house. Angus was there. Again he had a sleepless night. Something had got into his brain—some vague, disturbing thing, which began to wear upon him in the daytime also.

Yet he trusted her implicitly, he said to himself, though she never wrote him a line, whatever might happen, there would be no written word of hers in his hands. But he did not think then of anything happening. What should happen?

Presently, when he called at her house, she was never in. At the theatre he only saw her in presence of people. One day, at last, he found her at home. He said he knew she was busy, and he did not wish to be always in her way, but he wanted to be assured of her love . . . and—he winced as he said it, it seemed so like sacrilege—she had not kept her promise. With her finger on his lip, she tenderly bade him hush; that some one was in the adjoining room, and there were only the curtains between. He left with an indefinite horror upon him. It came even as she clasped his hand warmly, and, in tender tones, said: "Wait until after the first night of your play, dear; and then"—she whispered—"then, dearest!"

Seven weeks had gone. The new play was almost written. "The Empty Cruse" was ready. The night was announced. But François Lombard, the dramatist, looked as if all joy had drained out of life. Every inquisitorial instinct in his head suddenly sprang into life: the horror was defined. The streets of London felt his foot-fall night and day. He was desolate and mad—with a strange quiet madness.

The night before the play was produced, by some incredible instinct he went to Angus's chambers. As he stood outside—it was midnight—a cab drove up, and a woman and a man got out of it. It was Angus—and Alicia. They entered. He waited. It was an hour before she came out.

In a cab he followed her to her own door, and on the steps he stopped her.

"Wait," he said; "I want to tell you—that I know all. I want to tell you that I know you to be shameless."

"My poor François!" she said, and laid her hand upon his arm.

He put the hand away quietly, yet coldly. "I would have staked my soul on your truth," he said. "But you are only an infinite actress—by nature, as art. Was it worth your while to do this thing to me? Weren't there men to whom this wouldn't have mattered?"

"Nonsense . . . What do you mean to do? You will not interfere with the play? I'll explain everything to-morrow."

"Aren't you afraid of me?" he said, with an impossible quietness.

"Afraid of you, my dear François!"—she tried to laugh lightly, but at that instant he turned so that she caught the strange look in his eyes. She had been deceived by his sorrowful calmness and gentleness. She shrunk away from him; her hand fluttered at the keyhole. "You would not do me harm?" she faltered.

"A coward, too!" he said . . . "No, you need not fear me—Live till you touch a century, or an eternity!" He was silent for a moment. "I am sorry, inexpressibly sorry—for both of us." There was something splendid in the shame he felt.

She did not yet cease to act. She stretched out her hands, as it impulsively, to him, calling up the alluring radiance to her eyes. "Come to me to-morrow, François—come now."

"Never," he said. "The Pit rather." He started away, then came back to her. "It will follow you. You will never escape it." Then he was gone.

"A genius and a fool," she said; and shut the door.

The next morning he was found dead in his arm chair. On the table in front of him were the cinders of a burnt manuscript, heaped about a candle.

She regretted the lost manuscript. That night "The Empty Cruse" was produced. It was an instant success. She sent a wreath of flowers on the day of the funeral, but did not attend. She went to a champagne supper that night.

In the city of Quebec an aged priest never tires of offering masses for an imperilled soul.

How the rats squeaked and scuffled ! How the ring laughed and betted !

'Stanch old fellow,' observed an onlooker, striking a light.

'Rather !'

'Four minutes fifty-one seconds and a 'alf,' sung out the 'Smasher,' who, chronograph in hand, had timed the performance. 'Out with the dibs, gents ! Pay up, and look pleasant !'

The man laughed—the man who spoke first, a tall, fair, rather dull-looking man, but distinctly superior, from a social point of view, to his surroundings.

'Ah !' said he. 'Got some more ?'

'As many as you like, Sir 'Enry. It's Wenom next. Bring out Wenom, Jim. Look sharp. You'll be pleased with 'er, Sir 'Enry. Such a beauty !' And the 'Smasher' rubbed his hands, large and freckled, and adorned with a huge signet-ring. A shrewd personage the 'Smasher.'

'Ah,' said Sir Henry ; 'something fresh. I'm glad of that. I like variety.'

'So do I,' said the other—not a very prepossessing looking 'other,' a trifle slangy and 'red.' 'By the way, do you know Smiles, Sim Smiles, the pigeon-fancier ? He's got some ferrets. Beauties !—you should see them.'

Hugh—Hugh, as I live ! But Hugh smartened up, clean, fairly respectable. Clemmie must have been as good as her word, then.

'Indeed,' said Sir Henry ; 'Smiles, Smiles ? seem to have heard that name somewhere.' And therewith they got into conversation.

Hugh did not lack ease.

'Deuced pleasant fellow,' thought Sir Henry, who would talk to any one, barring a curate, and who rather prided himself on his knack of getting on with people ; 'wonder where he comes from.'

'I say,' said he, a lull having set in—Crotchett had to be looked for ; he had slipped his collar, and slunk off somewhere ('The old warmint,' grinned the 'Smasher'),—'well, I say,' said his sirship, eyeing his cigar, 'do you happen to know anything of a place called Notting-hill ? You seem to go about a good deal.'

Hugh stared.

'Notting-hill !' he echoed. 'Why Notting-hill ?'

'Well, I was down there the other day, and it seemed rather jolly. What are the girls like now—nice ?'

Hugh smiled.

'I don't know,' said he ; 'tastes differ so.'

Sir Henry sighed.

'They do,' he said, 'dreadfully. Still beauty's beauty. Suppose you give me the benefit of your experience.'

Hugh smirked.

- TOW.** To draw a vessel along by means of a rope.
- TRAIN-TACKLE.** The tackle used for running guns in and out.
- TRANSOMS** (See PLATE 3.) Pieces of timber going across the stern-post, to which they are bolted.
- TRANSOM-KNEES.** Knees bolted to the transoms and after timbers.
- TRAVELLER.** An iron ring, fitted so as to slip up and down a rope.
- TREENAILS, or TRUNNELS.** Long wooden pins, used for nailing a plank to a timber.
- TREND.** The lower end of the shank of an anchor, being the same distance on the shank from the throat that the arm measures from the throat to the bill.
- TRESTLE-TREES.** Two strong pieces of timber, placed horizontally and fore-and-aft on opposite sides of a mast-head, to support the cross-trees and top, and for the fid of the mast above to rest upon.
- TRIATIC STAY.** A rope secured at each end to the heads of the fore and main masts, with thimbles spliced into its bight, to hook the stay tackles to.
- TRICE.** To haul up by means of a rope.
- TRICK.** The time allotted to a man to stand at the helm.
- TRIM.** The condition of a vessel, with reference to her cargo and ballast. A vessel is *trimmed* by the head or by the stern.
In ballast trim, is when she has only ballast on board.
 Also, to arrange the sails by the braces with reference to the wind.
- TRIP.** To raise an anchor clear of the bottom.
- TRIPPING-LINE.** A line used for tripping a topgallant or royal yard in sending it down.
- TRUCK.** A circular piece of wood, placed at the head of the highest mast on a ship. It has small holes or sheaves in it for signal halyards to be rove through. Also, the wheel of a gun-carriage.
- TRUNNIONS.** The arms on each side of a cannon by which it rests upon the carriage, and on which, as an axis, it is elevated or depressed.
- TRUS.** The rope by which the centre of a lower yard is kept in toward the mast.
- TRYSAIL.** A fore-and-aft sail, set with a boom and gaff, and hoisting on a small mast abaft the lower mast, called a *trysail-mast*. This name is generally confined to the sail so carried at the mainmast of a full-rigged brig; those carried at the foremast and at the mainmast of a ship or bark being called *spencers*, and those that are at the mizenmast of a ship or bark, *spankers*.
- TUMELING HOME.** Said of a ship's sides when they fall in above the bends. The opposite of *wall-sided*.
- TURN.** Passing a rope once or twice round a pin or kevel, to keep it fast. Also, two crosses in a cable.
To turn in or *turn out*, nautical terms for going to rest in a berth or hammock, and getting up from them.
Turn up! The order given to send the men up from between decks.

pass the head-earings, cut the stops of the buntlines, and make fast the robands. Middle the sail on the yard by the glut, or by the centre cringle.

TO BEND TOPGALLANT SAILS AND ROYALS.—These are generally bent to their yards on deck; the royals always. After being bent to the yard, they are furled, with their clews out, ready for sending aloft. If the topgallant sail is to be bent aloft, send it up to the topmast cross-trees by the clewlines, or by the royal halyards; and there bend on the sheets, clewlines, buntlines and bowlines, and bring the sail to the yard, as with a topsail.

TO BEND A JIB.—Bend the jib halyards round the body of the sail, and the downhaul to the tack. Haul out on the downhaul, hoisting and lowering on the halyards. Seize the tack to the boom, the hanks to the luff of the sail, and the halyards to its head. Reeve the downhaul up through the hanks and make it fast to the head of the sail. Seize the middle of the sheet-pennant to the clew.

In some vessels the hanks are first seized to the sail, and the jib-stay unrove, brought in-board, and passed down through the hanks, as the sail is sent out, rove in its place and set up. This is more troublesome, and wears out the jib-stay.

TO BEND A SPANKER.—Lower the gaff, and reeve the throat-rope through the hole in the gaff under the jaws, and secure it. Sometimes the head of the luff fits with a hook. Then haul out the head of the sail by the peak-earing, which is passed like the head-earing of a topsail. When the head-rope is taut, pass the lacings through the eyelet-holes, and round the jack-stay. Seize the bights of the throat and peak brails to the leech, at distances from the peak which will admit of the sail's being brailed up taut along the gaff, and reeve them through their blocks on the gaff, and at the jaws, on each side of the sail. The foot brail is seized to the leech just above the clew. Seize the luff of the sail to the hoops or hanks around the spanker mast, beginning with the upper hoop and hoisting the gaff as they are secured. The tack is hooked or seized to the boom or to the mast. Hook on the outhaul tackle. This is usually fitted with an eye round the boom, rove through a

sometimes: from τὸ, neut. of τὸς or of ὁ, ἡ, τὸ

Τρελευαίον, neut. of τρελευαίος, taken adverbially, in fine; at last; lastly; finally.

Τρηγίσις, adv. s. s. as τρηγία. [.....]

Τρηγιάδα, and τρηγιάδα, s. s. as τρηγιάδα, τρηγιάδα, then; at that time, Polyb. : for τὸ, and τρηγιάδα, τρηγιάδα. [4]

Τρηγίαι, adv. for the third time: from τὸ, and τρηγίαι, neut. of τρηγίαι.

Του, (without an accent) for τινός, genit. of the indefinite pronoun τίς, and τὸ, (with an accent) for τίνος, interrogatively. See τίς.

Τού, τού, τούγα, ἄντ. for οὐ, and οὐγ, Apollon. Dycol. de pronom. p. 321. from which, 'tu.' Lat.

Τούρις, and τούρις, adv. s. s. as τού, then, Pind. Pyth. 4. and Lycophr. 891.: from τούρι, neut. of τούρις. [.....]

Τούρις, Dor. for τούρις, accus. plur. fem. of τούρις, αὐτῶν, τούρις.

Τούρις, adv. Dor. τούρις, dat. of τούρις, taken adverbially. See τούρις.

Τούρις, adv. from here; hence, Theocrit. 4, 10.: from τούρι, neut. of τούρις.

Τούρις, Dor. for τούρις, Sophron. Apollon. de adverb. p. 604.

Τούρις, adv. from thence, Theocrit. 4, 48.

Τούρις, ὄντ, ὅ, a stone quarry, Tabula Heracleens. p. 226.: from τούρις.

ΤΟΥΦΟΣ, ὄν, ὅ, a kind of sandstone. ¶ No Greek authority has been adduced for this word, Schn. L.

Τόμα, adv. as long as; until—in the mean time, Odys. 3, 303. ¶ Τόμα generally answers to ὅμα, in the foregoing member of a sentence, but often stands alone, Brunck ad Apollon. 4, 1487.

Τόμας, ὄν, ὅ, a barren she-goat. Th. τράγος.

Τράγανθος, ὄν, ὅ, a prickly shrub which yields gum tragacanth. Goat's thorn, or Milk-vech: Astragalus tragacantha. Th. τράγος, and τραγία, from the fancied resemblance to a goat's beard. [.....]

Τράγανθος, fut. ὄν, to eat of sweetmeats, or dessert, Aristoph. Vesp. 671.: from τράγος.

Τράγανθος, ὄν, τὸ, a cartilage; a cartilaginous substance; a callus.

Τράγανθος, ὄν, ὅ, the period of puberty, at which venereal desires are felt: s. s. as τράγος, Schn. L. Th. τράγος.

Τράγανθος, a word used by Aristoph. Acham. 808 and applied to wine with a double meaning, in allusion to τραγία, and the city of Τραγανία, Schn. L.

Τράγανθος, applied to men, the s. s. as τραγία—see τραγία—applied to vines, to luxuriate in

leaves and branches and thus be unfruitful, as buck-goats high in flesh become unfit for procreation, Aristot. often also, to produce little fruit from other causes. Th. τράγος.

(Τράγος, εἰς, εἰς, or τραγίος, ὄν, adj. of, or pertaining to a buck-goat.—τραγίον, Theocrit. the skin of a buck-goat. [4]

Τράγανθος, ὄν, ὅ, a fabulous animal partaking of the nature of a stag and of a goat—a drinking cup, having such a figure as an ornament, Athen. 11, p. 484. ¶ representations of such an animal were common on various utensils and articles of furniture, especially on drinking bowls and goblets. ¶ by later authors, as Diodor. 2, 51. and Plinii 8, 33. the name has been applied to an animal, probably of the antelope kind, brought from Arabia. Th. τράγος, τραγός.

Τράγος, εἰς, εἰς, adj. of, or pertaining to a buck-goat, s. s. and Th. as τραγίος.—τραγίον, but generally, contr. τραγί (ὄν, understood), the skin of a buck-goat. [4]

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— Peuh ! une paire de fesses sur l'estomac et des gigots à faire rêver un rhinocéros... c'est assez dégoûtant !

— Pas pour tout le monde.

— Les hommes sont si crapules !

Sur cette réflexion immensément amère, Reinette s'empare avec fureur du plateau de métal qui gît dans un coin de la loge, et s'en va, parmi les clients, faire risette et quêter... au profit du directeur !

Car les artistes sont appointés au mois, mais les quêtes appartiennent à la maison. Le problème d'une troupe à bon marché se trouve ainsi résolu ; elle coûte juste la soupe et le bœuf.

Mais dans la salle, qui se garnit peu à peu, on vient de vociférer des ah ! ah ! accueillant la pancarte qui succède à celle de Reinette.

Cassepiano attaque une autre ritournelle.

— Ça, par exemple, c'est trop fort, rugit Flora Boulon en bousculant tout dans la loge, car c'est bien le rythme de sa chanson qu'elle entend. Voilà qu'on me fait passer en deux à présent ! Eh ! bien, zut, nom de Dieu, je n'irai pas...

En effet, la ritournelle terminée, l'artiste ne se montre pas au public.

unhallowed wine mingled with water, and cover them with a corporal, and then presently say, *Oremus, præceptis salutaribus moniti, et pater noster*, to the end, and then let him say with a low voice, *Libera nos quæsumus, Domine, ab omnibus malis*, and aloud, *per omnia secula seculorum*. Then let him put a particle of the housel into the chalice, as it is customary, but with silence. Then let him 'go to housel, and whoever else pleases*. On the Thursday we sing our 'tide-songs together, and all the prayers with a low voice, *et miserere mei Domine* and collect†; on the Friday we sing all the tide-songs singly by ourselves with a low voice (except the uht-song only, which we sing together) and also on the Saturday till noon-song be sung. Let no oil be put in the font, except a child be there baptized. Let not the offertory be sung at the mass on Easter-eve, nor *Agnus Dei*, nor *Communia*; but while they are a going to housel, let the chanter begin ‡ Alle-

housel bread, T.; Johnson's translation is better; the word here used is not hlaf, 'a loaf,' but laf, 'a remnant.'

* [Let him then put a part of the housel into the chalice, as it is however usual; then let him go silently to the housel; and for the rest let look who will, T.]

The true punctuation is doubtless as in MS. X. f. 109.

Do ryððan sumne dæl þær hupley into þam calice ƿpa hit ƿepunelic is ƿpa beah mid ƿƿigean, gange he to huple ryð þan, 7 eller loc hpa pille.

The translation should run thus:

Let him then put a part of the housel into the chalice, as it is usual however with silence; then let him go to housel; and for the rest, let look who will.

In addition to the Missal to which Johnson refers, and the Breviary, should be mentioned the Constitutions of Abp. Lanfranc, A.D. 1072, as throwing much light on the whole passage—

Dehinc sacerdos in silentio, 'Libera nos, quæsumus, Domine,' et cetera, usque 'In unitate Spiritus Sancti, Deus,' et post, moderata voce 'Per omnia secula seculorum,' et respondente choro 'Amen,' nihil amplius dicat; missa que in calicem, sicut solet, particula dominici corporis, communicet se, et fratres omnes, sine osculo pacis. Constitutiones Lanfranci, Wilkins, Conc. Brit., vol. i. p. 338 b.

Tunc celebrans facta reverentia us-

que ad terram, Sacramentum in dexterum accipit, et elevat, ut videri possit a populo; et statim dividit in tres partes: quarum ultimam mittit in calicem more solito nihil dicens. Rubric in Missal, Feria vi. in Parasceue.]

† [7 ealle þær pƿeces bigellice, 7 miserepe mei Deus, 7 þa collectan, and all these prayers to ourselves, and 'miserere mei Deus,' and the collects, T.; ealle þa pƿeces, X., all the 'preces.']

‡ [On þone Easten-æfen ne ryðgerungen, æt þære mæsttan ofstæpendan, ne Agnus Dei ne Communia, ac betƿux þam þe higan to huple onganne æ cantop, On Easter-eve, let there not be sung at the mass-offering, neither Agnus Dei nor Communia, but among those who desire the housel, let the chanter begin, T.]

Johnson's translation of the first part of this sentence is right, as may be seen by the two following extracts.

— In hac consuetudine concordant omnes fere principales monachorum ecclesiarum, quæ nostro tempore majoris auctoritatis sunt, sicut et in eo quod offerenda, et 'Agnus Dei' et 'Communio' ad hanc missam non dicuntur, licet cetera festivo dicantur. Constit. Lanf. ('Sabbato Sancto.') Wilkins, vol. i. p. 339. b.

Non dicitur offertorium. Rubric in Salisbury and Roman Missal in 'Sabbato Sancto.'

The words betƿux þam þe higan to

30 ¶ In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, **HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD**; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar.

31 Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts.

c or, brother. d la. 4:2. 28:4. e 1 Co 6:2-11. f Job 5:17. 28:4. d Ep. 2:10-22.

PRACT. OBS. Men see, without delay, from an earthquake, and leave everything behind them; how should we then flee to the greatest distance from the brink of that tremendous gulf, which continually swallows up such multitudes of the ungodly!—Whilst the grand revolutions, predicted in this ch., shall be taking place, (and indeed at all times,) tremendous will be the plague of all, who fight against the church; and could we see the present condition of those, who have perished in this conflict, we should behold far more terrible things, than if we witnessed men's flesh consuming as they stand on their feet, their eyes consuming in their holes, or their tongues in their mouths; and every mem-

V. 30, 31. How exactly do all the prophets agree about the final event of the long-continued contest, between the worship of the true God and idolatry; betwixt piety and impiety, truth and error, holiness and unholiness!—At the even tide it shall be light, and blessed be God, that season cannot be very distant. See *Notes*, 6-8. **SCOTT.**

(20.) *Bells.* On the monuments at Persepolis a bell is seen on a two-

ments, and brighter patterns, of holiness; and because there shall be a more plentiful effusion of the Spirit of holiness and sanctification, after Christ's ascension, than ever before

1. *Holiness* shall be introduced into common things, and those things shall be devoted to God that seemed very foreign, as the furniture of their houses and of their houses. Every gentleman shall take the high priest's motto for his, and glory in it, and make it a memento to himself, not to do anything unworthy of it. He shall desire ever to have it before him, to signify that holiness is that which we ought to be influenced by, and make profession of. God's good creatures shall never be abused to excess, nor that made the food and fuel of lust, which should have been all to the wheels of obedience.

2. There shall be no unholiness introduced into their sacred things, to corrupt them. Some read it, There shall be no more the merchant; for so a Canaanite sometimes signifies; and they

think it was fulfilled, when Christ once and again drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple. Or, though those that were Canaanites, strangers and foreigners, shall be brought into the house of the Lord, yet they shall cease to be Canaanites; shall have nothing of their spirituous disposition. Or, it intimates, that though in gospel-times people should grow indifferent as to holy vessels, yet they should be very strict in church-discipline, and careful not to admit the profane to special ordinances, but to separate between the precious and the vile, between Israelites and Canaanites. Yet this will not have its full accomplishment, short of the heavenly Jerusalem, that house of the Lord of us 2 into which no unclean thing shall enter, for at the end of time, and not before, Christ shall gather out of his kingdom everything that offends; and the tares and wheat shall be perfectly and eternally separated.

ber of the body, which had been an instrument of righteousness, on during the awful vengeance of God.—The more the church is weaned from the beggary elements of external distinctions, and relative sanctity, the more will she be replenished with real holiness. Our whole lives ought to be as one constant act of devotion: no selfish or mercenary motive should prevail in any of our actions. Alas! how far are we from this perfection! How far is the Christian church from this state of purity! How are our lives defiled by low and selfish pursuits, and our duties tainted by wrong motives! But times of greater purity are at hand! **SCOTT.**

humped camel, and on a horse or mule, hung at the neck, and *Nisibis* remarks, that similar ones are now used in Arabia, &c., appended to camels, mules and asses. Comp. too, the war-horses, cuts (m) at the end of Lam. and Jer. 6:33. Others think some other trapping is meant, cuts, la. 22:6, 7. Esth. 6:8—1 Gen. 41:42, 43. **ES.**

AN EXPOSITION

OF THE PROPHECY OF

MALACHI,

WITH

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS AND NOTES.

THE Jews say, Prophecy continued 40 years under the second temple, and this prophet they call the *seal of prophecy*, because in him the series or succession of prophets broke off. God wisely ordered it so, that divine inspiration should cease for some ages before the coming of the Messiah, that that great Prophet might appear the more conspicuous and distinguishable, and be the more welcome. I. We have no account of Malachi's country or parentage. Malachi signifies, my angel; which has given occasion for a groundless conjecture, that this prophet was indeed an angel from heaven, and not a man; as that, Judg. 2:1. Prophets were messengers, God's messengers; this prophet was so; his Heb. name we find, ch. 3:1. *my messenger*; and perhaps from that he might (though, probably, he had another name) be called Malachi. The Chal. and some of the Jews, suggest he was Ezra; but Ezra was a scribe, and never a prophet. Others, yet farther from probability, make him to be Mordecai. We have reason to conclude his proper name is here called; the tradition of some of the ancients is, that he was of the tribe of Zebulon, and died young. II. The scope of the prophecy. Haggai and Zechariah were sent to reprove the people for delaying to build the temple; Malachi, for the neglect of it, when built, and profanation of the temple-service; for, from idolatry and superstition, they ran into the other extreme of impiety and irreligion; and the sins he witnesses against, are the same we find complained of in Nehemiah's time, with whom he was, probably, contemporary. And now that prophecy was to cease, he speaks (more clearly than any prophet) of the Messiah as nigh at hand; and concludes with a direction to God's people to remember the law of Moses, while in expectation of the gospel of Christ. **HENRY.**

The name of this prophet is the same word as he employed concerning the forerunner of Christ, and nearly the same which he used about Christ Himself. (3:1.)—Perhaps he was called Malachi with reference to these predictions, as well as to his prophetic office. The scope of his prophecy was, to reprove and reform many abuses and enormities, which prevailed among the Jews, and especially the priests; to announce the near approach of the Messiah; to declare the effects of his coming, to men of different characters; and to teach the people in what manner they ought to wait and prepare for that event. But it also contains predictions of the calling of the Gentiles, and the extensive propagation of the Gospel. Probably, with Malachi, the prophetic office ceased, or was suspended, till the coming of the Messiah, which was about 400 years.* As this prophet particularly foretold the ministry of John Baptist, and the speedy coming of Christ, he is very frequently quoted or referred to, in the N. T. Comp. 3:1. with Matt. 11:10. Mark 1:2. Luke 7:27. and 4:5, 6. with Matt. 17:10—12. Mark 9:11, 12. Luke 1:16, 17. **SCOTT.**

* It may reasonably be supposed, that the end of Malachi's ministry coincided with the first period of Daniel's 70 weeks, according to the usual interpretation of the words. See Dan. 9:24. That Malachi did not prophesy till some time after Haggai and Zechariah, is evident from

the circumstances, that the temple was then rebuilt, and the public worship re-established. *Henry.*—That Malachi lived after the return of the Jews, from the Babylonish captivity, is evinced by the whole book. **ROBERTS.**

CHAP. I.

Malachi's complaint of Israel's unholiness. 6 Of their impiety, 12 and profanation.

THE burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi.

2 I have loved you, saith the Lord. Yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us? Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith the Lord: yet I loved Jacob.

3 And I hated Esau, and laid his mountains and his heritage

waste for the dragons of the wilderness.

a by the hand of. 28:4. b De. 32:4. c la. 6:18.

CHAP. I. This prophet is sent, first, to convince, and then to comfort; first to discover sin, and reprove for that, and then to promise the coming of Him who shall take away sin; and this method the blessed Spirit takes, in dealing with souls, John 16:8.

V. 1-5. In these vs. they are charged with ingratitude, in that they were not duly sensible of God's distinguishing goodness to them; and such a charge as this may be well called a burden, for it is a heavy one.

1. God will have his people satisfied that He loves them, and is ever mindful of his love. This He said of old to the virgin of Israel, that He might engage her affections to Himself, Jer. 31:2, 4. In this case word, God came up all his gracious dealings with them. God's people need to be often reminded of his love to them.

II. They question his love, and diminish the instances of it: 'Have we not been wasted, impoverished, and carried captive; and whereas thou hast loved us? It is very absurd to ask whether He has loved us, when, which way we ever we look, we meet with numberless proofs and instances.'

III. For proof of his distinguishing love, He

NOTES. CHAP. I. V. 3, 4. An inspection of the engravings on the capital of Edom, were probably anterior to Moses' time, Job 3:14. A. 154, will show that this v. has been fulfilled. The earliest structure of

the capital of Edom, were probably anterior to Moses' time, Job 3:14. Profiting by the depredations of the Hebrew slaves, they monopolized all

May rose from her knees; she dreamed not of the instant death awaiting the priest, but the squire knew it well, and he saw, by the emphasis laid upon the word "forgiven", that his brother knew it also.

In that terrible moment, shame, remorse, and horror were all busy at his heart, so choking him and paralyzing all his powers, that he could neither ask forgiveness of his victim, nor yet return the embrace in which it was imparted; cold, silent, and despairing, he turned from the brother, whom unconsciously, but surely, he had pursued to the death, and followed the footsteps of his niece, looking, feeling, and moving all the while like one under the influence of a horrible night-mare. May laid her hand upon the curtain which separated her mother's chamber from the outer passage of the cave, and he would have stepped beneath it, had she not stopped and laid her hand on his arm. Mechanically he paused, and looked upon her, but it was with eyes which had lost all consciousness of her presence.

"John Netterville", said May, with a kindling eye and heightened colour; "you have come hither to-day as a spy on the life and liberty of the

best and gentlest being upon earth—the nearest and dearest yet left for me to love. Long ago, you drove my father and my mother from their home and their own country—one to perish on a field of blood, the other to die in sorrow and in want. Me you have beaten, as you would not have beaten the very hound at your feet, and for all these things I have twice this day given you back your life; all I ask of you in return”, she added, in softer, milder accents than she had used in the beginning, “is, that the last half of your life may be spent in weeping for the first”.

John Netterville listened to her at first with the same lack-lustre eyes and vacant stare, but as she proceeded, his consciousness gradually returned; convulsion after convulsion shook his frame; he tried to speak, but could not; the wondering girl was about to go and fetch him some water, but he caught her by the arm, staggering, as he did so, like a wounded man. Just then a hand from within drew aside the curtain, and the tall, wasted form of a woman appeared at the opening, gazing silently upon him.

“Mother, forgive me”, burst from his lips, and he fell on his knees.

The dying woman moved her bloodless lips; she was about to speak, when a confused sound of voices and footsteps was heard from without—then there was an ominous pause—then a frightfully prolonged scream—and then old Moya rushed into the cavern, exclaiming:—

“Gracious God! they have murdered his riverince”.

“Oh, curse him not, curse him not”, cried May, terrified at the expression of the mother’s face; “bless him, mother, before you go”.

The dying woman opened wide her arms: “May God forgive as I do—my son, God bless thee!”

John Netterville caught her to his bosom; but the mother’s heart was broken—she was dead before she had touched his shoulder.

The prayer of Agnese had been heard in heaven—the sacrifice accepted in its utmost rigour.

Father Netterville, the good and the kind, was dead. The shepherd had laid down his life for his flock, and the mother had departed in sorrow to her tomb; but the price was paid—the prodigal was won—and John Netterville wept over her corpse—a penitent indeed!

OXFORD MANNERS.

"Certain it is," said Bacon, "that matter is in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay." The same might be said of the human mind. It is a world of variety and progress. The fluctuations of fashion and custom are its ordinary tides and changes. The rises of new sects in religion and philosophy, the birth of great and extraordinary men, are its earthquakes and its deluges. But the comparison may be carried farther. Amidst all the change of the material world there are, at least, two things which never vary: the one is, that the fixed stars always keep at the same distance from each other; the other, that the time of the diurnal motion is perpetually the same. And so in the world of mind. The contemplative soul is not condemned to wander every where seeking rest, and finding none. Its gaze, wearied with the endless variety of opinions and prejudices, can find repose in dwelling on those principles which never change, the principles of right and wrong. It can watch the struggles of those principles in the nations of the world; it can observe how civilisation consists in their development: how the strife of factions, the contests for liberty, are all moulded to one common end—the putting down of oppression and wrong; and the preservation of virtue and justice. It will see with satisfaction that in all ages, and amidst all changes, these principles have been always the same; and that, notwithstanding the arguments of sophists, might has never taken the place of wrong, nor wrong usurped the throne of right. Mankind in general have never denied their blessings to the good, or bestowed them on the bad. Virtue has never changed.

Yes—These are the links which bind us to the past. Were not these unchanged, and unchangeable—the same yesterday, to-morrow, and to-day, what gain could we derive from history? In its pages we should see nothing but the infinite changes of a kaleidoscope. An endless number of combinations of the follies and passions of mankind. We could learn no lesson from its stories; we could draw no conclusions from its instances. We should look in vain for any connection running through it, or any law which could give it the character of unity and a whole. And after puzzling over it, like persons trying to form a word out of letters which could form none, we should throw up the study in despair.

Thus it is that we find the real benefactors of mankind in all ages to have one common type. The spheres in which they

moved may have been widely different. One may have been exalted to the height of power; another may have dwelt obscurely among the lowliest of the low. But that which has given them immortality is the same in all. We mention their names with respect and reverence, because the principles of virtue were their guides.

But it is not only in public or in private circumstances that these principles have their sway. They find their places as much, we had almost said far more, in the household lives of us all. In every little act of daily intercourse they must be either followed or transgressed. In a word, they are personified in the gentleman—it is to this fact that we wish to draw attention. We all know what is meant by the word gentleman. But it is almost impossible to define it. We will venture, however, to enumerate a few of what we conceive to be the distinguishing marks of his character.

He is, as we have said, the embodiment of eternal and unchanging principles: and hence the leading and all-pervading mark of his character is *constancy*. In all ages, and in all countries, there is but one type of the gentleman. His character is always cast in the same die. In England or the Antipodes, from the creation to the present day, he is essentially the same. His conduct will, of course, be regulated in different countries by different customs. In one country, he might salute you with a shake of the hand; in another, he might think it necessary to receive you with an embrace and kiss. But these are minor details. He conforms to them, not because they are at all essential to his character: but because it is essential to his character to conform to usages which it would be bad taste to disregard. Hence we see even where he seems to change, he is in reality unchangeable.

This may lead us to another mark of a gentleman; *courtesy*, as it is partly by that feeling that he is led to conform to the dictates of custom. The true gentleman will never in the smallest trifle wantonly hurt the feelings of others. No difference of rank or power in those with whom he deals can alter him in this respect. He will be as courteous to his servant, as to the greatest man with whom he could be brought in contact. Constancy is his chief characteristic, and to preserve his character he must be constant in his politeness.

We should give the next place in our list to perfect *justice*; and in that we should perhaps sum up all. But there is no need to enlarge further. It is enough for our purpose to have shewn

that courtesy and the quality of never changing are essential characteristics. The gentleman is not identical with the good man. He may, in particular, be without those virtues which are the offspring of religion. But he has much in common; and, above all, he shares with him immutability.

Remembering these few points, let us proceed to make some short remarks on Oxford manners. Oxford has acquired the reputation of producing gentlemen, as well as scholars. And we think she has gained this reputation quite deservedly. Where so many young men are collected together, there will, of course, be some black sheep. It would be a miracle if there were not. But we think that no one, without gross injustice, can deny the general truth of the opinion. Granting, however, as a rule, that Oxford men are gentlemen, we may be pardoned for saying that there are some exceptions. Within the last few months we have heard of Colleges passing rules to put down a vulgar style of dress. And we have read letters from old members of the University complaining of the manners of the Undergraduates in this, and in other ways. In all this, there is, without doubt, some, we might say much, of the "laudator temporis acti" Spirit. But we cannot conscientiously say, that we think these outcries entirely without foundation. There was published some little time since a wretched book, purporting to describe Oxford life. We allude to "*Verdant Green*." A more contemptible production could not be conceived. Its style is vulgar in the extreme. Its wit is merely a *réchauffé* of the most hackneyed slang. Altogether we are at a loss to imagine how any man could have written it; still more how he found any one to publish it. But let us do the Author justice. He has at least one merit; and that is, that he did not reckon without his host. He wrote indeed a miserable book; but apparently he found plenty of people to read it. And we believe this to be accounted for, by the fact, that "*Verdant Green*" has some of the charms of truth. We believe—we say it with pain—that it describes, although, of course, in exaggerated colours, too large a class of Oxford Undergraduates.

It is for this reason alone that we have mentioned the book at all: that it may be the easier understood to what class of men our remarks are intended to apply.

This class of Undergraduates, well known as 'Loud' men, offends against the rules of a gentleman's conduct in two ways; first, in manners; secondly, in dress. In manners, they verge on

the rude: they put themselves too forward; shew too much conceit; in a word, their whole aim seems to be to make a noise in the world. No wonder that quiet old gentlemen, paying Oxford a visit in their declining years, should sigh for the days when they were Undergraduates. But the great mistake which these noisy persons appear to be labouring under, is in supposing that a gentleman may behave differently in Oxford from elsewhere. They seem to think that they may commit all sorts of rudeness and discourtesy as undergraduates, which away from Oxford they would not, we hope, be guilty of. They may be compared with those individuals, who are patterns of immaculate respectability at home: but when once on the Continent behave more like rampant bushmen, than Christian Englishmen.

But it would take too long to remark upon all the points in the manners of this class which cry out for improvement. There is, however, one grave charge which we fear might be brought against some, if not many of them. They forget, that courtesy is due to all alike, and think themselves privileged to insult those who are poorer or more quiet than themselves. We have heard lately of officers in the army who were maltreated simply because they were 'slower' or poorer than the rest. And we fear that such cases are not as uncommon as they ought to be in the University. How any man can deliberately annoy another; one, too, with whom he would not deign to associate, we are unable to conceive. How, after such conduct, he can expect to be treated as a gentleman, is still more inconceivable. To such we would, in all humility, remind, that a gentleman shews the same courtesy to a beggar as to a king.

But let us turn to the second division of our subject, *dress*. Far be it from us to discourage men from taking pains with their personal appearance, or from following all the variations of fashion. We quite agree with the advice of Polonius—

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
Rich but not gaudy.

And we rejoice to see it followed. But it is the transgression of this maxim which we object to. We not unfrequently see the two first principles quite sufficiently carried out: but the third entirely neglected. We see men, especially of the class to which these remarks apply, dressed in the most costly style, but at the same time violating every principle of good taste. Such hats! such buttons! But we will not condescend to

enumerate all the absurdities of their Costume. Suffice it to say, that they dress on wrong principles. A Gentleman dresses nicely, because he owes it to himself and others to do so. He follows the fashion, because it is bad taste to neglect it. Above all, he avoids that which these men appear to seek, a remarkable or conspicuous appearance.

But we have said enough. Vulgarity is an evil which we may hope to see diminished, though we can hardly expect to see it extinguished. We may, however, observe that legislation does not seem to be a cure for it. You can no more make gentlemen by rules and regulations, than you can make them virtuous. While to check the outward eruption of the disease, is perhaps only to increase its malignity.

Much, on the other hand, might be done by the Undergraduates themselves. Let them discountenance everything like Vulgarity. Let them remember that they have the reputation of gentlemen; and let them feel just resentment at any of their number who endanger it. If ought that we have said could forward such an end, we should consider our trouble amply repaid.

In conclusion, we should advise those, who, while endeavouring to be fashionable gentlemen, become noisy vulgarians, to study the character of *Mercutio*. "O how shall I describe," says Coleridge, "that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity. . . . Wit, ever wakeful; fancy, busy and procreative as an insect; courage; an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them—these, and all congenial qualities, melting into the common copula of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellencies and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of *Mercutio*."

C. T. C.

or" (*Boutell* 62). A. Walton Litz discusses this motif (26). Joyce's reference is found in the notes labelled by Herring "Circe 7" (Herring, *U Notesheets* 303). The arms of Gibraltar are the apparent reference of "arms . . . castle & key": these arms are "Gules, a triple-towered castle on a rock argent, the port opened, and pendent therefrom by a chain, a key with ward downwards or" (Rothery 107). Joyce's note appears on the "Penelope 6" *Notesheet* (Herring, *U Notesheets* 511).

4. The only term used in "Proteus" that gives me pause is "rere regardant," Stephen's attitude as he leaves the Strand. None of the English sources to which I have referred uses the expression "rere regardant" (they simply use "regardant" to describe the lion looking back over its shoulder) except Barron (325a). But Barron is citing old French usage; the term is certainly not original with him, since he cites it to deride its use.

5. This curious description of a pelican derives from the myth that the female pelican would wound herself with her own beak, feeding her young on her own blood. For this reason the pelican became a symbol of Christ in Christian iconography (see Ferguson 23). The phrase "pelican in her piety" is the conventional phrase used in blazon where the pelican is shown "vulning herself." See Brewer's *Dictionary*, 26th edition, p. 668. *Boutell* gives this description as well. Joyce also would have found the legend (but not the conventional heraldic phrase) in Latini's *Il Libro delle bestie*, which was in his Trieste library (Ellmann, *Consciousness of J* 116). There is also an allusion to the legend in *Hamlet*: Laertes says "To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms / And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican / Repast them with my blood" (4: 5, 145-47). To make the phrase apply to Bloom, Joyce changes the conventional gender of the pelican, but the usual form ("pelican in her piety") is found in the British Museum *Notesheets*, along with the conventional heraldic description of a male peacock: "peacock in his pride" (Herring, *U Notesheets* 179).

6. Mahaffey (416, n.18) compares this reference to Stephen's silent comment to himself in "Scylla and Charybdis": he looks at his hat and his ashplant, and thinks, "My casque and sword" (*U* 9.296 {192.16}).

7. For an explanation of the origin of the Greek colors, arms, and the Kings of Hellenes, see MacLagan and Louda, 281-85.

8. Herbert Gorman notes that Mrs. Conway, who lived with the Joyces, and became *Portrait's* Dante, and *Ulysses's* Mrs. Riordan, kept "her green and maroon brushes named for Charles Stewart Parnell and Michael Davitt . . ." (21).

9. An interesting element of the two opposing colors in Stephen's imagination is that, in addition to their historical connotations, red and green are "complementary opposites" in color theory. Basically this means that together, green and red light would produce a white light; it also means that each of the two colors appears at its brightest intensity against a background of the other. I am grateful to Dr. John S. Crawford for calling this aspect of the red-green opposition to my attention.

10. Ellmann notes:

Once [Joyce] said to Daniel Hummel, another friend, "Human beings sometimes appear to me to take the shape of animals." [Hummel asked] . . . "And do you have an animal in mind for yourself?" "Yes," Joyce replied, "a deer." (*JJ* 328)

11. Thornton (59) connects Stephen's image as an allusion to the myth of Acteon, who was transformed into a deer by Diana and set upon by his own dogs.

12. This is the *crest* as distinct from the arms: Azure, a harp or, stringed argent. The crest would be featured on top of the arms. Brault notes an intriguing parallel to this device in Arthurian literature: